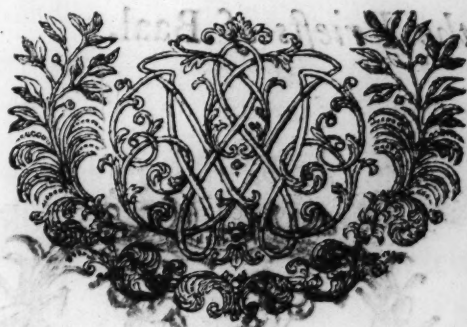


DEBORAH.
A N
ORATORIO:
O R
SACRED DRAMA.

As it is Perform'd at the
KING'S THEATRE *in the* Hay-Market.

The MUSICK Compos'd by Mr. HANDEL.

The Words by Mr. HUMPHREYS. (S.) R.



L O N D O N:

Printed for JOHN WATTS at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*: And are to be had at
the KING'S THEATRE in the *Hay-Market*. 1733.

[Price One Shilling.]

Dramatis Personæ.

DEBORAH.

BARAK.

ABINÓAM.

SISERA.

J A E L.

First Israelite Woman.

Second Israelite Woman.

Third Israelite Woman.

Chief Priest of the Israelites.

Chief Priest of Baal.

Chorus of Priests and Israelites.

Chorus of the Priests of Baal.



DEBORAH.



T O T H E
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,

HOW much soever Mankind may vary in their Opinions on difficult Points of Speculation, they all confess, with a perfect Unanimity, That the polite Arts are favour'd by Your Majesty, with the Approbation and Patronage of the Greatest and Best of QUEENS.

The many amiable Instances of Your Majesty's condescending Regard to the *Muses*, in particular, inspired one of the humblest of their Admirers with an ardent Ambition to grace this *Drama* with Your Majesty's sacred Name.

Had I been able, M A D A M, to have represented *Deborah*, acting for the Happiness of her People, with half the Lustre that diffuses itself around Your Majesty's Conduct, I might then have congratulated my self for drawing so excellent a Portraiture; but if a much greater Master had employed his

DEDICATION.

his Abilities on this Occasion, he would have been sensible, like my self, by the Event, that he had only shewn how much the *Jewish* Heroine is transcended by *BRITANNIA'S* QUEEN.

Could I hope, M A D A M, to improve my inconsiderable Talent in Poetry to that Perfection, as would enable me to paint the shining Character of Your Majesty in a just Light, I should be indefatigable in cultivating my Propensity to the *Muses*, because I am persuaded that whenever a happy Genius shall exert itself suitably to such a Subject, he may venture to promise Immortality to his Production.

But, tho' I acknowledge my self infinitely inferiour in such an Attempt to many of my Contemporaries, yet I humbly implore Your Majesty's Permission to declare, that I am not exceeded, by any of my Fellow-Subjects, in the Loyalty and Veneration with which I have the Honour to be,

M A D A M,

Your M A J E S T Y's

most dutiful,

and most obedient

Subject and Servant,

SAMUEL HUMPHREYS.

ADVERTISEM E N T.

A L L those Lines mark'd down the Side
with a Pencil, are left out in the Perform-
ance.



D E B O R A H.
A N
O R A T O R I O:
O R
S A C R E D D R A M A.

P A R T I. S C E N E I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ISRAELITES, OFFICERS, *and Chorus*
of ISRAELITE PRIESTS.

G R A N D C H O R U S.



IMMORTAL Lord of Earth and Skies,
Whose Wonders all around us rise;
Whose Anger, when it awful glows,
To swift Perdition dooms thy Foes.

O grant a Leader to our Host,
Whose Name, with Honour, we may boast;
Whose Conduct may our Cause maintain,
And break our proud Oppressors Chain.

R E C I T.

Deb. O Barak, favour'd of the Skies!
O Son of Abinóam rise!

A 2

Heaven

Heaven, by thy Arm, his People saves,
And dooms our Tyrants for our Slaves.

Bar. O Deborah! with wise Prediction bless'd,
To whom Futurity stands forth confess'd,
Will Heaven on me a Gift so great bestow,
And grace the meanest of his Servants so!

DUETT.

Bar. Where would thy Ardours raise me!
How shall I soar to Fame!
Will then my Conduct praise me,
And thus adorn my Name!

Deb. Trust in the God that fires thee,
To vindicate our Laws;
Act now, as he inspires thee,
Thou shalt revive our Cause.

CHORUS.

Forbear thy Doubts! to Arms! away!
Thy God commands, do thou obey.

RECIT.

Bar. Since Heaven has thus its Will express'd,
Submission, now, becomes me best:
But, ere we stand in Arms array'd,
O Prophets implore his Aid!
And let uniting Judah join,
To supplicate the Power Divine.

CHORUS.

For ever, to the Voice of Prayer,
Jehovah lends a gracious Ear.

The

DEBORAH.

8

THE INVOCATION.

Deb. *By that adorable Decree,
That Chaos cloath'd with Symmetry;
By that resistless Power that made
Refulgent Brightness start from Shade;
That still'd contending Atoms Strife,
And spoke Creation into Life;
O thou supreme transcendent Lord!
Thy Succours to our Cries accord!*

CHORUS.

*Oh hear thy lowly Servants Prayer!
And grant them thy propitious Care!*

RECIT.

Deb. *Ye Sons of Israel, cease your Fears,
Jehovah your Petition hears:
The impious Chief of Canaan's Host,
Who made our Fall his daring Boast,
Shall perish on the crimson Sand,
Ignobly by a Woman's Hand.*

CHORUS.

*O blast, with thy tremendous Brow,
The Tyrants that insult us now.*

RECIT.

Bar. *To whomsoe'er his Fate the Boaster owes,
My Breast no Pangs of pining Envy knows.*

Thy

Thy lovely Sex, O *Deborah*! may claim
 Equal Prerogative with Man in Fame:
 And none, but Savage Breasts alone,
 Their charming Merit can disown.

A I R.

*How lovely is the blooming Fair,
 Whose Beauty Virtue's Laws refine!
 She well may claim our softest Care,
 For sure she almost seems divine.*

S C E N E II.

Enter J A E L.

Jaël. O *Deborah*! where-e'er I turn my Eyes,
 Grim Scenes of War in all their Horrors rise.
 O grant me! in my green Retreat,
 Where Solitude has fix'd her Seat,
 To live in Peace, sequester'd far
 From dire Alarms and sanguine War.

Deb. Hear me then, *Jaël*! let no Fear
 Of proud Hostility thy Peace impair;
 For Heaven has made thee its peculiar Care.
 Thy Virtue, ere the close of Day,
 Shall shine with such a bright Display,
 That thou shalt be, by all, confess'd
 Thy Sex's Pride divinely blest'd.

A I R

D E B O R A H.

A I R.

*Choirs of Angels, all around thee
Watchful wait in radiant Throngs;
No Oppression shall confound thee,
Thou art guarded from all Wrongs.*

R E C I T.

Jael. My Transports are too great to tell;
On the dear Theme I could for ever dwell.
God does not only condescend
My Life, from Danger, to defend,
But keeps for me such Joys in store,
Ambition could not ask for more.

A I R.

*To Joy he brightens my Despair,
No rising Pangs my Peace controul;
He guards me, with a Father's Care,
And pours his Mercies on my Soul.*

S C E N E III.

ABINÓAM, DEBORAH, BARAK, &c.

R E C I T.

Abin. Barak, my Son, the joyful Sound,
Of Acclamations all around,
Gives me to know the glorious Weight of Cares,
God for thy Fortitude prepares.

Swift

Swift may thy Virtue Judah's Hopes outrun,
And make thy Father boast of such a Son.

A I R.

*Awake the Ardour of thy Breast,
For Victory; or Death, prepare;
Let all thy Virtue shine confess'd,
And leave the rest to Heaven's Care:*

*Should Conquest crown thee in the Field,
Be humble; or if Death's thy Doom,
Thy Life with Resignation yield,
And Crowds will envy thee thy Tomb.*

R E C I T.

Bar. I go, where Heaven and Duty call,
Prepar'd to conquer or to fall.

A I R.

*All Dangers disdaining,
For Battle I glow:
Our Glory maintaining,
I'll rush on the Foe.
Tho' Death all around me,
Stalks dreadfully pale,
No Fear shall confound me,
My Cause will prevail.*

C H O R U S.

*Let thy Deeds be glorious,
And thy right Hand victorious.*

S C E N E

D E B O R A H.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Herald from the Camp of SISERA.

Her. My Charge is to declare
From *Sisera*, a Name renown'd in War,
That he with Indignation knows,
How you presume to be his Foes:
Yet such Compassion in his Bosom reigns,
That ere he galls ye with redoubled Chains,
He condescends to offer these your Chiefs
An Interview, that he may learn your Griefs;
And the sad Waste of Humane Blood to save,
Will grant you all that Slaves may dare to crave.

Bar. Proud Infidels!-----Go, let the Boaster hear,
He breathes no Wrath we condescend to fear:
Tell him, besides, that *Judah* now prepares
For Interview or Battle, as he dares!

[Exit Herald.]

S C E N E V.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINÓAM, &c.

Deb. Let him approach pacifick, or in Rage;
We in the Cause of Liberty engage:

Bar. Whilst that bright Motive in our Bosoms glows
We dread no Menace, and we shun no Foes.

CHORUS.

*Despair all around them,
Shall swiftly confound them,
Whilst Transports of Joy
Our Praise shall employ.*

Hallelujah.

B

PART



PART II. SCENE I.

DEBORAH, BARAK, ABINOAM, Jael, Israelite Women, Chorus of Israelite Priests, and SISERA attended by a Chorus of the Priests of Baal.

Chorus of Israelite Priests.



SEE the proud Chief advances now,
With sullen March and gloomy Brow:
Jacob, arise! assert thy God!
And scorn Oppression's Iron Rod!

Enter SISERA.

SCENE II.

RECIT.

Sis. That here rebellious Arms I see,
Proud Deborah, proceeds from thee!
But wouldst thou, yet, thy vain Ambition cease,
Whilst our affronted Mercy offers Peace,
Bow down submissive, ere th' impending Blow
Lays thee and all thy lost Associates low.

AIR.

At my Feet extended low,
Favour by thy Tears engage:
Or thou soon shalt, trembling, know,
Slighted Mercy turns to Rage.

RECIT.

DEBORAH

11

RECIT.

Deb. Go frown, Barbarian, where thou'rt fear'd!
None, but our God, is here rever'd;
Our Breasts his Inspiration warms,
To vindicate our Cause by Arms:
And, to thy Ruin, thou shalt know
What 'tis to find that God thy Foe.

A I R.

*In Jehovah's awful Sight,
Haughty Tyrants are but Dust:
Those, who glory in their Might,
Place in Vanity their Trust.*

RECIT.

Sis. Yes, how your God in Wonders can excel,
Your low Captivity demonstrates well.

A I R.

*Tho' you boast the wondrous Story,
Of your God's transcendent Glory,
Has he freed you from our Chain?
Think, O think, to your Confusion,
All you trust in is Illusion,
All your flattering Hopes are vain!*

D E B O R A H.

A I R

Bar. *Impious Mortal, cease to brave us,
Great Jehovah soon will save us,
And his Time we wait with Pleasure :
All his People he'll defend,
And on their Oppressors send
Plagues and Vengeance without Measure.*

R E C I T.

Chief Priest of Baal. Behold the Nations all around,
What God like *Baal* is renown'd?
To him your stubborn Tribes would bow,
Did but the Slaves their Duty know.

Chorus of *Baal's* Priests.

*O Baal! Monarch of the Skies !
To whom unnumber'd Temples rise :
From thee the Sun, immensely bright,
Receiv'd his radiant Robes of Light :
By thee with Stars the Heavens glow,
The Ocean swells, and Rivers flow ;
The Vales with Verdure are array'd,
The Flowers perfume, the Thickets shade :
And 'tis, by the Event, confess'd
Thy Votaries alone are bless'd,*

R E C I T.

Chief Priest of Israel. No more! ye Infidels, no more!
False is the God whom ye adore;

A dull,

D E B O R A H.

13

A dull, brute Idol, whose detested Shrine,
None, but such Wretches, can believe divine.

Chorus of Israelites, &c.

*Lord of Eternity! who hast in store
Plagues for the Proud, and Mercy for the Poor;
Look down! look down! from thy celestial Throne,
And let the Terrors of thy Wrath be known!
Plead thy just Cause, thy awful Pow'r disclose,
Avenge thy Servants, and confound their Foes!*

R E C I T.

Deb. By his great Name, and his alone,
Whose Deity ye dare disown,
Whose kindled Wrath ye soon shall know,
Will prove him a tremendous Foe.
Fly, I conjure ye, from this Place,
Too sacred for a Throng so base!

[*To Sifera and
his Priests.*]

Sif. We go, but ye shall quickly mourn,
In Tears of Blood, our dire Return.

Deborah.

All your Boasts will end in Woe.

Sifera.

Farewel, despicable Foe.

Priest of Baal.

Mighty Baal's Aid we crave.

Barak.

Baal has no Power to save.

Chorus of Baal's Priests. *Baal's Power ye soon shall know.*

Chorus of Israelites. *Poor deluded Mortals go!*

R E C I T.

14
D E B O R A H.

RECIT.

Chief Priest of Israel. Away! unhallow'd Slaves, away!
Your Presence here defiles the Day.

[*Exeunt Sisera and Priests of Baal.*]

Bar. Great Prophets! my Soul's on Fire,
To execute the Ardours you inspire;
O that the Fight were now begun!
My Father should not blush to call me Son.

A I R.

In the Battle Fame pursuing,
We'll with Slaughter float the Plains:
And our Tyrants, low in Ruin,
Soon shall wear their Captive's Chains.

RECIT.

Abin. Thy Ardours warm the Winter of my Age,
Its Weakness strengthen, and its Pains assuage,
And well dost thou our impious Foes deride;
Justice is thine, and God is on thy Side.

A I R.

Swift Inundation,
Of Desolation,
Pour on the Nation
Of Judah's Foes.
Can Fame delight thee?
Can Heaven incite thee?
They now invite thee
To end our Woes.

RECIT.

R E C I T.

Israelite Woman. Oh *Judah*, with what Joy I see
The Blessings Heaven reserves for thee!

A I R.

No more, disconsolate, I'll mourn,
No more sad Sackcloth wear;
From Chains to Freedom we return,
To Transports from Despair.

R E C I T.

Deb. Now, *Jael*, to thy Tent retire,
Our Bosoms for the Battle fire:
But know thy Solitude will thee supply,
With Glory that shall never die.

A I R.

Jael. O the Pleasure my Soul is possessing,
At the Prospect of Mercies so dear!
May my Bosom be ever expressing,
With what Rapture my God I revere!

R E C I T.

Deb. *Barak*, we now to Battle go,
And rush with Ruin on the Foe.

D U E T.

D E B O R A H.

D U E T.

Deb. *Smiling Freedom, lovely Guest,
 Balmy Source of softest Joy;
 Mortals, by thy Aid, are blest
 With such Charms as never cloy.*

Bar. *Thy dear Presence to obtain
 (Sweetly soothing every Care)
 Who would dread the hostile Plain!
 Who each Danger would not dare!*

C H O R U S.

*The great King of Kings will aid us to Day,
 His Praises let all with Transport display.*



P A R T



PART III. SCENE I.

A Grand Military Symphony.

Enter DEBORAH and BARAK with the victorious Army of the Israelites, return'd from the Pursuit of the Canaanites, and attended with the Israelite Women. Chorus of Israelite Priests, and Captives, among whom are the Priests of Baal.

CHORUS of Israelites.



*OW the proud insulting Foe,
Prostrate in the Dust lies low:
Broken Chariots, Hills of Slain,
Load the wide extended Plain.*

RECIT.

Bar. The haughty Foe, whose Pride to Heaven did soar,
Is fall'n, is fall'n, and Canaan is no more.

AIR.

Israelite Wom. Now sweetly smiling Peace descends,
And waves her downy Wings;
Each Blessing in her Train attends,
Each Joy around her springs.

SCENE II.

To them ABINÓAM.

Abin. My Prayers are heard, the Blessings of this Day,
All my past Cares and Anguish well repay.

C

The

The Soldiers to each other tell,
My *Barak* has perform'd his Duty well.

Bar. My honour'd Father!

Abin. O my Son! my Son!

Well has thy Youth the Race of Honour run.

A I R.

*Tears, such as tender Fathers shed,
Warm from my aged Eyes descend,
For Joy to think, when I am dead,
My Son will have Mankind his Friend.*

S C E N E III.

To them J A E L.

R E C I T.

Jael. O *Deborah*! ours Fears are o'er,
Proud *Sisera* is now no more.

C H O R U S of Baal's Priests.

*Doleful Tidings, how ye wound!
Despair and Death are in that Sound!*

A I R.

Israelite Wom. Our Fears are now for ever fled,
Our Eyes no more shall flow;
Swift Vengeance has laid low the Head
Of our imperious Foe.

R E C I T.

Bar. I saw the Tyrant breathless in her Tent;
Her Arm his Soul to endless Darkness sent.

But

But see, the glad Assembly wait to know,
 How thou didst rid them of so fierce a Foe:
 Already thou hast told it me;
 But the Relation will please more from thee.

Jael. When from the Battle that proud Captain fled,
 Vengeance divine, to my Pavilion, led
 The trembling Fugitive; who, pale with Care,
 Besought me panting to conceal him there:
 Flaming with Thirst, and Anguish in his Look,
 He ask'd for Water from the limpid Brook.
 But Milk I gave him in a copious Bowl;
 With Ecstasy he quaff'd and cool'd his Soul.
 And then, with his laborious Flight oppress'd,
 In some few Moments he sunk down to Rest.
 Then was I conscious Heav'n, that happy Hour,
 Had plac'd the Foe of *Judah* in my Power:
 The Workman's Hammer and a Nail I seiz'd,
 And, whilst his Limbs in deep Repose he eas'd,
 I thro' his bursting Temples forc'd the Wound,
 And riveted the Tyrant to the Ground.

A I R.

*Tyrant, now no more we dread thee,
 All thy Insolence is o'er;
 Justice to thy Ruin led thee,
 Thou art fall'n to rise no more.*

R E C I T.

Deb. If, *Jael*, I aright divine,
 When Men hereafter would proclaim,
 All that is noble by one Name,
 O *Jael*, they will mention thine!

A I R.

29
D E B O R A H.

A I R.

*The glorious Sun shall cease to shed
His beamy Treasure from the Skies;
And Merit shall be Virtue's Dread,
Whene'er thy bless'd Memorial dies.*

R E C I T.

*Bar. May Heav'n, with kind Profusion, shed
Its chosen Joys on Jael's Head!*

A I R.

*Low at her Feet he bow'd, he fell,
And laid in Dust his haughty Head;
And late Posterity shall tell,
That where he bow'd he fell down dead.*

R E C I T.

*Deb. O great Jehovah! may thy Foes
Thus perish who thy Laws oppose.
But O let all, who love thy Praise,
And dedicate to thee their Days,
Shine like the Sun immensely bright,
When forth he marches in his Might,
To run his radiant Race of Light.*

C H O R U S.

*Let our glad Songs to Heaven ascend,
For Judah's God is Judah's Friend;
O celebrate his sacred Name,
With Gratitude his Praise proclaim!*

Hallelujah.

16 JY 60

F I N I S

